In 10 Minutes of FUN a day I changed myself

from this Bloodless Pitiful

SKINNY SHRIMP to this

Ken Grimm **BEFORE** mailing coupon

NEW MUSCULAR RED-BLOODED HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN!

Ken GRIMM, **AFTER** MAILING COUPON

I just **GAINED 35 NEW LBS.** OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED **MUSCLES!**

You can do the same as I and THOUSANDS have

You can add 10 inches to your **CHEST** 6 inches to each **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Besides getting ALL 5 Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1) you'll ALSO get **FREE** a big BOOK of PHOTOS of STRONG MEN and BOYS who were WEAKLINGS like you BEFORE mailing coupon

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

Now, Buddy YOU Mail the Coupon below as I did! May be LAST CHANCE before $1 price goes back!

GET ALL THESE **5** PICTURE-PACKED COURSES **FREE** If you mail coupon NOW

Millions have been sold at $1.

1 Look at JIM NORMAN'S HEROIC CHEST NOW

You can have it

HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY CHEST**

2 This is one-time **SKINNY** JOBIE JACKSON **AFTER** mailing the coupon below

HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY ARM**

MIGHTY BACK NOW

3 HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY BACK**

4 HOW TO MOLD A **MIGHTY GRIP**

5 HOW TO MOLD **MIGHTY LEGS** By GEORGE F. JOWETT

LAST CHANCE - ALL FREE COUPON

5 COURSES 2 MUSCLE METER 1 Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH47

Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN" —F. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 1 N.Y

Dear George, Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses. 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip 4 How to Build a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs - Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C O D's)

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

HOW YOU CAN WIN A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP as I just did and how to **WIN $100.**

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES Volume 1, Number 19 July, 1954
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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS
EH! dig this crazy comic ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ 2000 FUNNIES
LASH LARUE WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RACKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS ★ THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

GIVE BACK MY BODY

HURRY UP---FINISH IT! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? KILL THIS BODY...*KILL IT!* THEN I'LL BE FREE OF IT—*FREE*, DO YOU HEAR? HA, HA, HA...!

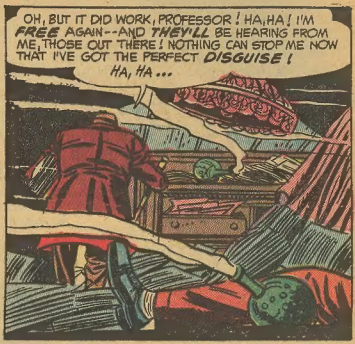
LIKE MANY A BORED PERSON, JOHN BILLINGS, THE FAMOUS BROKER, CRAVED EXCITEMENT! BUT HIS URGE FOR ADVENTURE SOON GREW DULLED—UNTIL HE MET "PROFESSOR" ARNO, TWO-BIT CONFIDENCE MAN AND EX-CARNIVAL MAGICIAN, WHO INTRODUCED HIM TO CULTS, "VOODOO" SOCIETIES, AND OTHER TRIVIA--ALL FOR A PRICE! BUT ONE THING HE WOULD NOT SELL, HE SAID, WAS A CERTAIN SPELL THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO TRANSFER MINDS FROM ONE BODY TO ANOTHER---THIS, OF COURSE, WAS THE FINAL SWINDLE! IT IS HERE THAT OUR STORY BEGINS...

I TOLD YUH THE SPELL MIGH' NOT WOIK,.. YUH AN' YER THRILLS ---PTAH! COME BACK TOMORROW...I, NO...*NO* -- !

THEY STRAPPED HIM TO THE CHAIR. THIS WAS HIS LAST MOMENT OF LIFE! HE SQUIRMED AND SWEATED, WAITING FOR *DEATH* TO FREE HIM FROM A BOND WORSE THAN ANY PRISON...A CRIMINAL'S BODY---*A BODY THAT WAS NOT HIS OWN!*

JOE SIMUSTER

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES


OH, BUT IT DID WORK, PROFESSOR! HA, HA! I'M FREE AGAIN--AND THEY'LL BE HEARING FROM ME, THOSE OUT THERE! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE PERFECT DISGUISE!
HA, HA...

HE WAS RIGHT! FOR SOON AFTERWARDS, A SERIES OF VICIOUS ROBBERIES AND MURDERS ROCKED THE CITY...

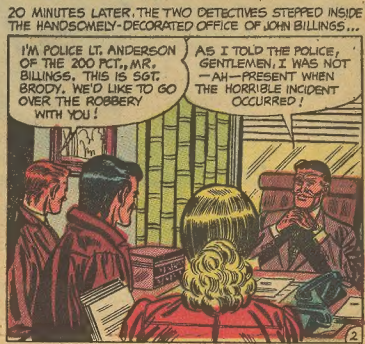
HERALD EXPRESS
BODY OF CARNIVAL MAGICIAN FOUND IN RIVER
$150,000 ROBBERY AT BROKERAGE FIRM
HEAD JURYMAN IN LEFTY RICCARDI CASE KILLED MYSTERIOUSLY

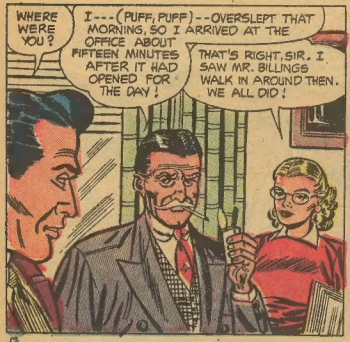
AND, AT *POLICE HEADQUARTERS*, LT. STEVE ANDERSON AND SGT. JOE BRODY WERE TRYING TO PIECE OUT THE CLUES...

I'VE CHECKED THESE REPORTS FOR HOURS, STEVE, AND I CAN'T FIND A SINGLE THING WE CAN GO ON!
THERE SEEMS TO BE A PATTERN TO ALL THESE CRIMES, JOE...I KNOW THIS SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT ---IT LOOKS LIKE LEFTY RICCARDI'S WORK!

YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY DIME NOVELS, STEVE! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT RICCARDI GETS THE CHAIR IN 10 DAYS! HIS GANG IS OUT OF IT ALSO. THEY ALL HAVE SOLID ALIBIS.
YEAH, GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! JUST THE SAME ...WE'RE GOING DOWN-TOWN TO INVESTIGATE THAT NEW ROBBERY OVER AT THE BROKER-AGE HOUSE...GOT A HUNCH...

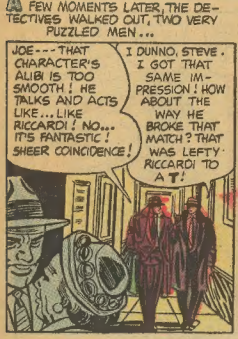
20 MINUTES LATER, THE TWO DETECTIVES STEPPED INSIDE THE HANDSOMELY-DECORATED OFFICE OF JOHN BILLINGS...


I'M POLICE LT. ANDERSON OF THE 200 PCT., MR. BILLINGS. THIS IS SGT. BRODY. WE'D LIKE TO GO OVER THE ROBBERY WITH YOU!
AS I TOLD THE POLICE, GENTLEMEN, I WAS NOT --AH--PRESENT WHEN THE HORRIBLE INCIDENT OCCURRED!


WHERE WERE YOU?
I---(PUFF, PUFF)--OVERSLEPT THAT MORNING, SO I ARRIVED AT THE OFFICE ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER IT HAD OPENED FOR THE DAY!
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR. I SAW MR. BILLINGS WALK IN AROUND THEN. WE ALL DID!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO COMMITTED THE ROBBERY, DO YOU, MR. BILLINGS?
OF COURSE NOT! SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I ---WHY THAT'S PREPOSTEROUS!
RELAX, BILLINGS. WE'RE JUST TRYING TO GET THE FACTS!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE DETECTIVES WALKED OUT, TWO VERY PUZZLED MEN...


JOE---THAT CHARACTER'S ALIBI IS TOO SMOOTH! HE TALKS AND ACTS LIKE...LIKE RICCARDI! NO... IT'S FANTASTIC! SHEER COINCIDENCE!
I DUNNO, STEVE. I GOT THAT SAME IMPRESSION! HOW ABOUT THE WAY HE BROKE THAT MATCH? THAT WAS LEFTY RICCARDI TO A T!

HE WAS LEFT-HANDED, TOO, WASN'T HE? HM...OKAY, JOE... WE'RE GOING TO CHECK UP ON THIS GUY FROM A TO Z!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB!

TWO DAYS PASSED...THE TWO MEN WORKED THEMSELVES TO DEATH TRYING TO SOLVE THE ENIGMA OF THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BILLINGS! FINALLY...

AW--IT'S NO USE, STEVE! THE GUY IS CLEAN! THE ONLY BAD THING HE EVER DID WAS TO PAL AROUND WITH A TRICKSTER CALLED "PROFESSOR" ARNO, THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS!
THAT'S IT!

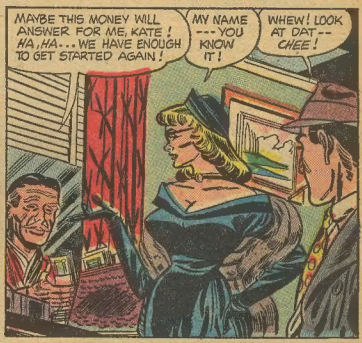
BOTH THE PROFESSOR AND THE JURYMAN ON THE RICCARDI CASE WERE KILLED THE SAME WEEK! AND BILLINGS HAS THE MANNERISMS OF LEFTY RICCARDI--THERE'S A CONNECTION, SOMEHOW!
GREAT SCOTT! YOU'RE RIGHT!

BUT SEVERAL DAYS OF SHADOWING JOHN BILLINGS PROVED FRUITLESS--UNTIL, ONE NIGHT...

BUT I DON'T GET IT! FOR A GUY THAT'S JUST BEEN ROBBED, BILLINGS SEEMS TO BE AWFULLY HAPPY! HE JUST WENT INSIDE LOADED WITH DOUGH!
SHHH---QUIET! THAT CAR IS STOPPING AT HIS HOUSE..!

LISTEN CAREFULLY, JOE! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE---SEND A CALL TO HEADQUARTERS! IF I'M NOT BACK HERE IN FIFTEEN MINUTES--BREAK IN!
CHECK!

LT. STEVE ANDERSON RAN SWIFTLY UP TO THE HOUSE AND HID HIMSELF WITHIN HEARING DISTANCE OF THE TERRACED LIBRARY. IT WAS APPARENT THAT SOMETHING *BIG* WAS GOING TO OCCUR ...



IT'S FROM "MY" OWN FIRM! HA,HA...! THOSE POOR DUMB GUARDS! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THEM! THEY LOOKED SO SURPRISED WHEN I PULLED THE TRIGGER! THEN I WENT OUT THE REAR, PUT THE MONEY IN A SAFE PLACE, DOUBLED BACK, AND CAME IN 15 MINUTES AFTER OPENING TIME!
W-WHO ARE YOU? YOU TALK LIKE---

--LIKE LEFTY RICCARDI, EH? WELL, THAT'S WHO I AM! HA, HA, HA... DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME, BOYS? HA, HA, HA...
Y-YEAH, BOSS. WOT A PLASTIC JOB! HOW'D YUH GET OUT O' STIR?

THROUGH A SPELL, IKE! HA, HA! I PASSED OUT ONE NIGHT IN MY CELL WITH A LOUSY HEADACHE --- WHEN I CAME TO, IT WAS IN ANOTHER ROOM! THIS PROFESSOR CALLED ME "BILLINGS"! THEN IT DAWNED ON ME THAT I, LEFTY RICCARDI, WAS FREE! BUT MY FRIEND KNEW TOO MUCH, SO... HA, HA, HA...

NOW I'VE HEARD IT ALL!
BUT IT'S GOTTA BE LEFTY! HE KNOWS OUR NAMES ...HE-HE KNOWS -- EVERYTHING!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--I GET THE CREEPS LOOKING AT HIM! HE'S KAPUT-- CRAZY!

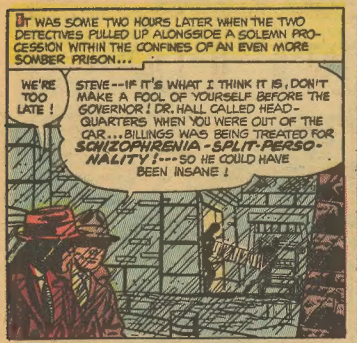
CRAZY AM I? I'LL GET RID OF YOU, HEINRICH, JUST LIKE I DID THE PROFESSOR AND THAT COURT STOOGE ...NEVER TOOK TO YOU ANYWAY!
YA-A-A-A-H!
BANG
BANG

NOW GET THIS--ALL OF YOU! WHAT I SAY GOES! STARTING TOMORROW, WE'RE GOING TO PULL BANK JOBS! WE GOT EVERYTHING HERE TO MAKE IT A SUCCESS, SO THE NEXT GUY THAT CALLS ME CRAZY, GETS IT RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!
S-SURE, BOSS! WE-WE WERE ONLY KIDDING!

MEANWHILE, LT. STEVE ANDERSON, HEARING SHOTS, RAN INSIDE THE HOUSE, AND...

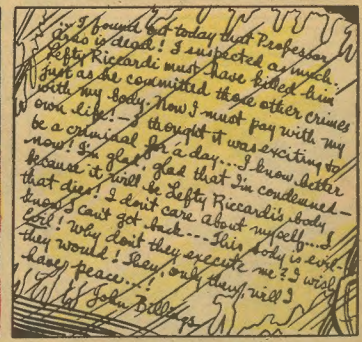
SECONDS LATER, THE POLICE, LED BY SGT. JOE BRODY, RUSHED INSIDE THE HOUSE, AND...

AS THE CAR ROARED THROUGH THE NIGHT TOWARD STATE PRISON, A FURIOUS RAINSTORM BROKE OUT, SHATTERING THE STILLNESS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE...

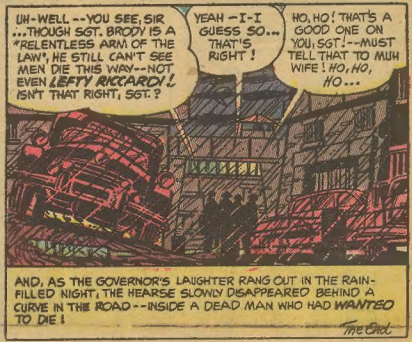

IT WAS SOME TWO HOURS LATER WHEN THE TWO DETECTIVES PULLED UP ALONGSIDE A SOLEMN PROCESSION WITHIN THE CONFINES OF AN EVEN MORE SOMBER PRISON...
WE'RE TOO LATE !
STEVE--IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS, DON'T MAKE A FOOL OF YOURSELF BEFORE THE GOVERNOR ! DR. HALL CALLED HEADQUARTERS WHEN YOU WERE OUT OF THE CAR... BILLINGS WAS BEING TREATED FOR SCHIZOPHRENIA - SPLIT-PERSONALITY !--SO HE COULD HAVE BEEN INSANE !

AH, LT. ANDERSON ! IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE THE MAN WHO PUT THAT MURDERER IN PRISON ! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, TOO !--IT'S THE END OF THE ROAD FOR LEFTY RICCARDI !
THEY SAY ALL THOSE TOUGH CRIMINALS BREAK DOWN ON THE CHAIR--WELL--HE WAS NO EXCEPTION !

IT'S AMAZING HOW HIS PERSONALITY CHANGED ! HE MADE THIS LAST ENTRY IN HIS DIARY JUST BEFORE WE CAME FOR HIM...FRANKLY, IT'S NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE...JUST THE RAVINGS OF A MADMAN !
MAY WE SEE IT ?


...I found out today that Professor Grado is dead ! I suspected as much. Lefty Riccardi must have killed him just as he committed those other crimes with my body. Now I must pay with my own life ! I thought it was exciting to be a criminal for a day...I know better now ! I'm glad, glad that I'm condemned--because it will be Lefty Riccardi's body that dies ! I don't care about myself...I'm dead ! I can't get back---This body is evil--they would ! They only execute me ? I will have peace !
John Bolton

GOOD HEAVENS ! THEN THIS WAS REALLY ON THE LEVEL !--HOW...WHAT A WAY TO DIE !
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, SERGEANT ?


UH-WELL--YOU SEE, SIR ...THOUGH SGT. BRODY IS A "RELENTLESS ARM OF THE LAW", HE STILL CAN'T SEE MEN DIE THIS WAY--NOT EVEN LEFTY RICCARDI ! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SGT. ?
YEAH--I-I GUESS SO... THAT'S RIGHT !
HO, HO ! THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON YOU, SGT !--MUST TELL THAT TO MUH WIFE ! HO, HO, HO...
AND, AS THE GOVERNOR'S LAUGHTER RANG OUT IN THE RAIN-FILLED NIGHT, THE HEARSE SLOWLY DISAPPEARED BEHIND A CURVE IN THE ROAD--INSIDE A DEAD MAN WHO HAD WANTED TO DIE !
The End

OWL BLENHEIM WAS HOT AS A FIFTY-CENT PISTOL...THE LAW WAS BREATHING ON HIS NECK! BUT INSTEAD OF FINDING SAFETY IN THE HIDEOUT HE HAD SELECTED, HE BECAME...

ALL BURNT UP!

THE DAY AFTER THE FIRST FEDERAL BANK IN TOTTENHAM WAS ROBBED, A DIRT-STREAKED CAR RACED UP TO THE HOME OF CAROL CORTEZ, WIDOW OF THE INFAMOUS GUNMAN GARY CORTEZ...

GOOD AND QUIET HERE...GREAT PLACE FOR ME TO DUCK OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE HEAT DIES! CAROL'S SURE TO TAKE ME IN...OR ELSE!

SCREEECH!

O-OWL BLENHEIM! I-I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE...SINCE...

...THAT JOB IN CENTERVILLE, WHEN GARY GOT HIS! I NEED YOUR HELP BAD, CAROL ...UNTIL I COOL OFF A BIT! I'LL PAY FOR THE HIDEOUT... FROM WHAT I HEAR YOU AND THE KID CAN USE A COUPLA DOLLARS.

B-BUT MY BOY, OWL...I'M TRYING TO RAISE HIM RIGHT! I-I DON'T WANT HIM TO BECOME LAWLESS LIKE HIS FATHER...

AIN'T A THING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, CAROL! LONG AS I'M HERE I'LL ACT LIKE A PERFECT LAW-ABIDING GENNELMAN!

"THE KID'LL NEVER GUESS I GOT A POLICE RECORD AS LONG AS MY...OOOPS!

HEE HEE HEEEE!

W-WHY THAT SNIVELING BRAT...!

YOU MUSTN'T MIND, SAMMY, OWL... HE'S JUST FULL OF HIGH SPIRITS. THERE ISN'T AN OUNCE OF MISCHIEF IN THAT BOY!..

THINGS AT THE CORTEZ HOUSE WERE CALM THE REST OF THAT DAY, BUT THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

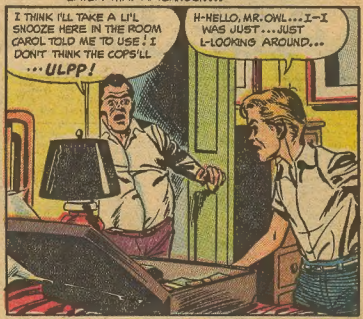
Y-YOU HALF-PINT BUZZARD... I OUGHTTA BRAIN YOU FOR JIMMYING OPEN THE TRUNK CASE OF MY CAR! T-THAT'S MY WHOLE ARSENAL IN THERE!

I-I WAS ONLY PLAYING, MISTER OWL...

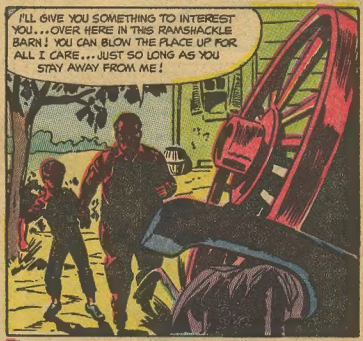
TO BE CONTINUED

I GOT HALF A MIND TO PUNCH YOUR HEAD OFF...
N-NO...PLEASE, OWL! HE'S ONLY A LAD...JUST WORKING OFF ALL HIS EXCESS ENERGY! YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW MORE UNDERSTANDING FOR A CHILD OF HIS TENDER YEARS!

SOMEHOW, OWL BLENHEIM *DID* CONTROL HIS TEMPER...UNTIL LATER THAT AFTERNOON...


I THINK I'LL TAKE A LI'L SNOOZE HERE IN THE ROOM CAROL TOLD ME TO USE! I DON'T THINK THE COPS'LL
...ULPP!
H-HELLO, MR. OWL...I-I WAS JUST...JUST L-LOOKING AROUND...

I'LL TEACH YOU TO SNOOP AROUND MY STUFF...BURST INTO MY ARSENAL ...AND NOW OPEN THE VALISE WITH THE LOOT I GRABBED ON THAT FIRST FEDERAL BANK JOB OVER IN TOTTENHAM!
L-LEMME GO, WILL YOU? A GUY'S GOTTA HAVE 5-SOMETHING TO INTEREST 'IM...

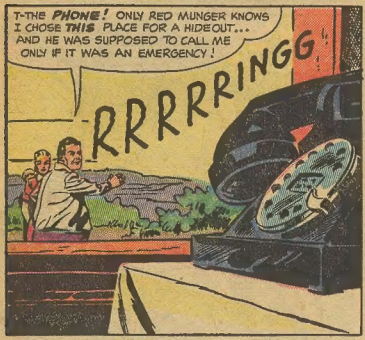

I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO INTEREST YOU...OVER HERE IN THIS RAMSHACKLE BARN! YOU CAN BLOW THE PLACE UP FOR ALL I CARE...JUST SO LONG AS YOU STAY AWAY FROM ME!

HERE...MAKE A SET OF 'LECTRIC TRAINS OUTTA THESE OLD PIPES AND JUNK! OR A TV. SET...OR A SUBMARINE!
S-SAY...I KNOW JUST THE THING! IN A MECHANIC'S BOOK I SAW PICTURES OF HOW TO BUILD JUST WHAT I NEED!

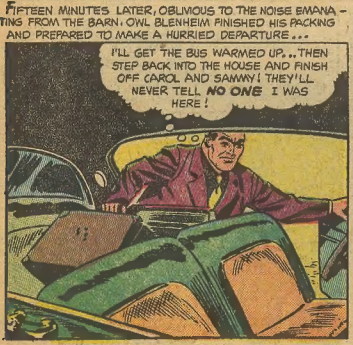
THE HAMMERING AND CLANKING CONTINUED FOR HOURS, AND OWL BLENHEIM HEAVED A SIGH OF RELIEF. BUT IT WAS SHORT-LIVED...

I BEEN WARNING YOU, BRAT... BUT YOU INSIST ON SNOOPING AROUND MY STUFF! MAYBE I'LL KNOCK SOME SENSE INTO THAT DIM BRAIN OF YOURS.
N-NO, OWL! I-IF YOU TOUCH SAMMY... I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

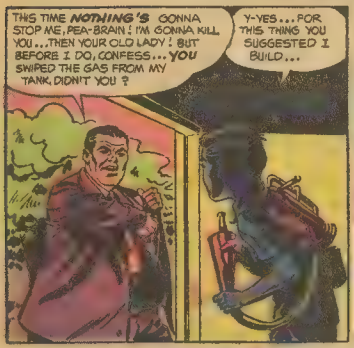
I-I MEAN IT, OWL! TRY THOSE STRONGARM TACTICS ON MY SON.. AND I'LL HOLLER TO THE COPS! Y-YOU JUST DON'T HAVE ANY UNDERSTANDING OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION...
I-I...I DON'T HAVE NO UNDERSTANDING? OF ALL THE GALL...

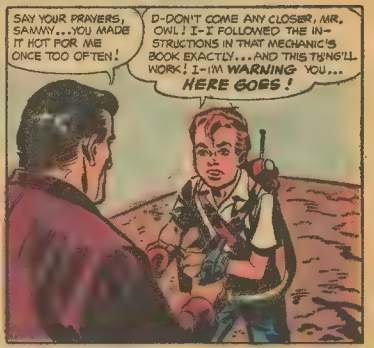

T-THE PHONE! ONLY RED MUNGER KNOWS I CHOSE THIS PLACE FOR A HIDEOUT... AND HE WAS SUPPOSED TO CALL ME ONLY IF IT WAS AN EMERGENCY!
RRRRRINGG

T-THANKS, RED... I'LL CLEAR OUT RIGHT NOW! WHEN THE COPS ARRIVE HERE ALL THEY'RE GONNA FIND ARE TWO CORPSES... CAROL CORTEZ AND THAT MEDDLIN' HALF-PINT BRAT OF HERS!


FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, OBLIVIOUS TO THE NOISE EMANATING FROM THE BARN, OWL BLENHEIM FINISHED HIS PACKING AND PREPARED TO MAKE A HURRIED DEPARTURE...
I'LL GET THE BUS WARMED UP...THEN STEP BACK INTO THE HOUSE AND FINISH OFF CAROL AND SAMMY! THEY'LL NEVER TELL NO ONE I WAS HERE!

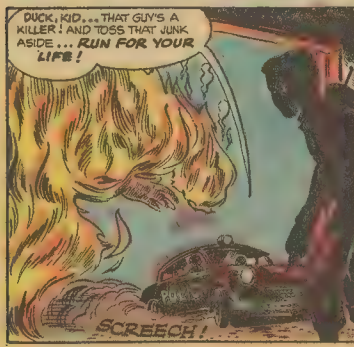
T-THE GAS TANK... SOUNDS LIKE IT'S EMPTY! B-BUT I KNOW IT WAS FILLED WHEN... SAMMY! T-THAT @$%#!? KID... HE MUSTA DRAINED IT!!
RRRRATTLE!

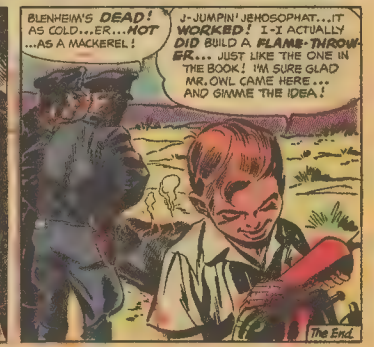

THIS TIME NOTHING'S GONNA STOP ME, PEA-BRAIN! I'M GONNA KILL YOU...THEN YOUR OLD LADY! BUT BEFORE I DO, CONFESS... YOU SWIPED THE GAS FROM MY TANK, DIDN'T YOU?
Y-YES... FOR THIS THING YOU SUGGESTED I BUILD...


SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SAMMY...YOU MADE IT HOT FOR ME ONCE TOO OFTEN!
D-DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, MR. OWL! I-I FOLLOWED THE INSTRUCTIONS IN THAT MECHANIC'S BOOK EXACTLY...AND THIS THING'LL WORK! I-I'M WARNING YOU... HERE GOES!

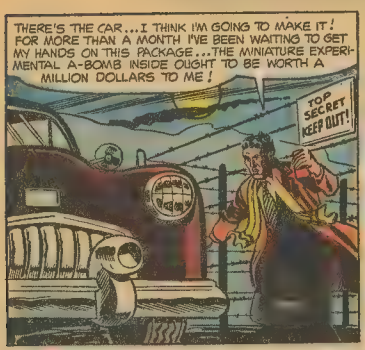
HISSSSSS

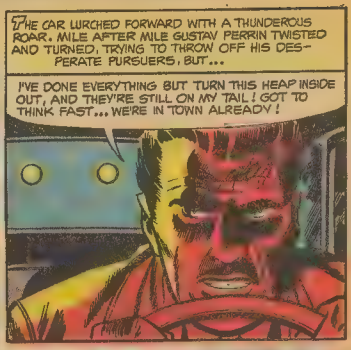
T-TURN THAT THING OFF... OR I'LL...I'LL... ARGHHHH!

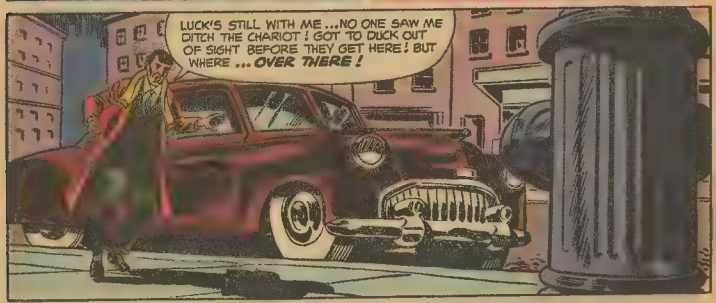

DUCK, KID...THAT GUY'S A KILLER! AND TOSS THAT JUNK ASIDE... RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
SCREECH!


BLENHEIM'S DEAD! AS COLD...ER...HOT ...AS A MACKEREL!
J-JUMPIN' JEHOSOPHAT...IT WORKED! I-I ACTUALLY DID BUILD A FLAME-THROWER... JUST LIKE THE ONE IN THE BOOK! I'M SURE GLAD MR. OWL CAME HERE... AND GIMME THE IDEA!
The End

IT WAS VITAL THAT GUSTAV PERRIN GET BACK THAT PACKAGE HE HAD HIDDEN WHEN THE POLICE WERE CLOSING IN: HE WAS PREPARED TO KILL IN ORDER TO GET HIS HANDS ON HIS...
SURPRISE PACKAGE!!
NO ONE IN SIGHT... JUST ME AND THE GUARD CARRYINS WHAT I'VE COME TO GET! NOW'S THE TIME TO STRIKE!
H-HEY! WHAT RE YOU... ARGHHH!!
SECRET WEAPONS KEEP OUT!
JOE GIORDANO
YOU! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?
I... I'VE BEEN SPOTTED! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... HAVE TO RUN FOR IT! IF I CAN GET TO THE CAR I MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE MY GETAWAY!
T-THIS PACKAGE... IT MAY SAVE MY LIFE! THOSE GUARDS KNOW HOW DEADLY IT IS... THEY'RE SCARED TO DEATH OF HITTING ME OR HAVING ME DROP THE BUNDLE! THOSE ARE JUST WARNING SHOTS TO SCARE ME!

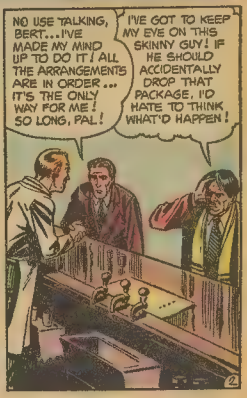

THERE'S THE CAR... I THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE IT! FOR MORE THAN A MONTH I'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET MY HANDS ON THIS PACKAGE... THE MINIATURE EXPERIMENTAL A-BOMB INSIDE OUGHT TO BE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS TO ME!
TOP SECRET KEEP OUT!


THE CAR LURCHED FORWARD WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR. MILE AFTER MILE GUSTAV PERRIN TWISTED AND TURNED, TRYING TO THROW OFF HIS DESPERATE PURSUERS, BUT...
I'VE DONE EVERYTHING BUT TURN THIS HEAP INSIDE OUT, AND THEY'RE STILL ON MY TAIL! GOT TO THINK FAST... WE'RE IN TOWN ALREADY!


LUCK'S STILL WITH ME... NO ONE SAW ME DITCH THE CHARIOT! GOT TO DUCK OUT OF SIGHT BEFORE THEY GET HERE! BUT WHERE ...OVER THERE!

T-THEIR SIRENS...CLOSING IN! THEY'RE ZEROED IN ON ME, ALL RIGHT... ONLY WAY I CAN SLIP OUT OF THIS IS TO DITCH THE PACKAGE!

N-NOT A SECOND TO LOSE... I'LL STASH THE BUNDLE IN THIS COAT POCKET, THEN PICK IT UP LATER!

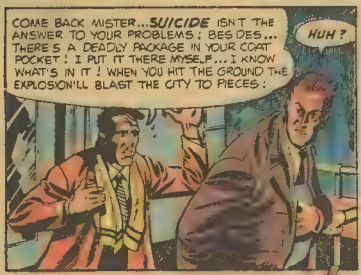

NO USE TALKING, BERT... I'VE MADE MY MIND UP TO DO IT! ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS ARE IN ORDER... IT'S THE ONLY WAY FOR ME! SO LONG, PAL!
I'VE GOT TO KEEP MY EYE ON THIS SKINNY GUY! IF HE SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY DROP THAT PACKAGE, I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT'D HAPPEN!

THAT OTHER PACKAGE ON THE FLOOR...IT MUST BELONG TO HIM! MAKE IT EASIER FOR ME TO TRAIL HIM AFTER I GET RID OF THE COPS!
YOU...DOWN AT THE END OF THE BAR... STAY WHERE YOU ARE!
F-FUNNY...IT'S NOT ON HIM! ALL RIGHT, MISTER...WHERE'D YOU HIDE IT?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU GUYS ARE TALKING ABOUT! IF YOU BEEN TRAILING ME LIKE YOU CLAIM, WHERE WOULD I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO DITCH THIS PACKAGE YOU'RE AFTER? YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY!
W-WELL I'LL BE FRIED IN FAT! I COULD'VE SWORN THAT HE...
MY LUCK'S HOLDING OUT! THEY'RE GOING TO LET ME GO... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST WITHOUT LOOKING TOO ANXIOUS! THAT BAG-OF-BONES WITH MY PACKAGE CAN'T HAVE GONE TOO FAR!
THERE HE GOES, ACROSS THE STREET! I'LL TAIL HIM TO A NICE SECLUDED SPOT, THEN WHAM!
INTO THE KEYSTONE BUILDING. EH? I'LL HAVE TO BIDE MY TIME BEFORE I PUT THE SLUG ON THIS JOKER...AND JUST PRAY THAT HE DOESN'T LET THAT PACKAGE SLIP!
H-HE'S HEADING FOR THE OBSERVATION TOWER! MAYBE IF I RUSH I CAN GET INTO THE SAME ELEVATOR ...TAKE CARE OF THE SKINNY GUY AND THE OPERATOR AT THE SAME TIME! T-THE DOOR...
3

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

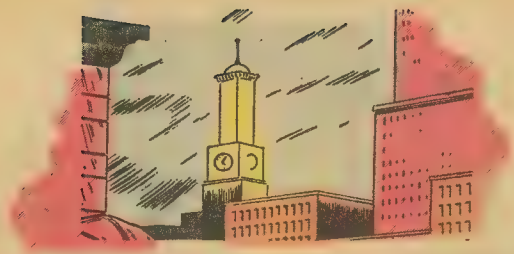
C-CAN YOU SPEED UP THIS THING, PLEASE? MY...MY WIFE'S EXPECTING ME UP ON THE TOWER, OPERATOR...IF I'M NOT UP THERE IMMEDIATELY I'M GOING TO HAVE AN AWFUL LOT TO EXPLAIN!
I UNDERSTAND, SIR! BE UP THERE IN A JIFFY!

THE CABLES SANG AS THE ELEVATOR HISSED A THOUSAND FEET INTO THE SKY. THEN...
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE TO...OH, NO! I-I-THAT GUY...H-HE'S CLIMBING ONTO THE RAILING! M-MY GOD... HE'S GOING TO JUMP!


COME BACK MISTER...SUICIDE ISN'T THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEMS: BESIDES... THERE'S A DEADLY PACKAGE IN YOUR COAT POCKET! I PUT IT THERE MYSELF...I KNOW WHAT'S IN IT! WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND THE EXPLOSION'LL BLAST THE CITY TO PIECES!
HUH?

SORRY, FELLER...MY MIND'S MADE UP! THIS IS THE ANSWER TO ALL MY PROBLEMS...
N-NO...FOR PETE'S SAKE... DON'T! Y-YOU'VE GOT A NEW TYPE OF ATOM BOMB IN YOUR POCKET...I OUGHT TO KNOW, BECAUSE I STOLE IT AND HID IT IN YOUR COAT!

IS GUSTAV PERRIN'S DIRE PREDICTION ABOUT TO COME TRUE? WILL THE HORRIBLE WEAPON HE HID IN THE STRANGER'S POCKET ACTUALLY DEVASTATE THE CITY? SEND **YOUR** IDEA OF THE FINALE TO **SURPRISE PACKAGE** TO ALFRED V. FAGO, 1472 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. THE BEST SYNOPSIS SUBMITTED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF **STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES!**.... THE WINNER GETS **FULL CREDIT** AND **$10.00 IN CASH!**



"DESTRUCTIVE DEATH"

Jan Sagoro pointed his finger directly at Mr. William Mellinger.

"You know I am the greatest violinist in the world. Why do you refuse to let me give a concert at your opera house? This must be part of a conspiracy to prevent the world from listening to my wonderful music. I give you exactly two days to change your mind. Otherwise I shall wreck all your financial interests. For, not only can my music create, it can also destroy."

"Get out of here before I have you thrown out," shouted Mr. William Mellinger. "I don't have to listen to the ravings of a mad man. Because I had a little pity in my heart I permitted you to play at that charity concert. Get out and stay away from my office. Otherwise I shall notify the police that you have threatened me."

Mr. Max Katz, of M.K. Recordings, was a very busy man. Finally he spoke to his secretary.

"Send in that crazy violinist. I am going to give him a final warning. If he comes here again, I shall prefer charges against him. I understand he threatened Mr. Mellinger this morning. I can break that fellow with one hand tied behind my back. Send him in now."

Jan Sagoro had a sneer on his twisted face, and he spoke first.

"You refuse to let me make recordings for your company. I can wreck all your business enterprises with my violin. For, I have discovered a simple but great secret. You have until tomorrow to change your mind. I want to record my theme song. It is called "Destructive Death." It will make you rich. Refuse me, and you are a ruined man."

"I shall notify the police at once," snapped back Mr. Max Katz. "This is blackmail. I shall swear out a warrant for your arrest. Get out of here before I count three, or I'll throw you out myself."

Mrs. Ethel Rivkin was a very happy woman. She had come all the way from her small town in Kansas to the Big City. And her niece, Helen Bailey, was showing her the sights.

"See that building in the distance," said Helen Bailey. "That's the largest office building in the world. It is owned by William Mellinger, who does much to spread good music in this country."

Mrs. Ethel Rivkin gazed at the tall building. And then she squinted her eyes.

"I must be dizzy, Helen. Seems to me that the building is swaying. I guess I did a bit too much at my age."

"The building looks as though it is swaying to my eyes," remarked Helen Bailey. "Must be some kind of an optical illusion. Oh . . . oh . . . it is falling down . . . now I don't see it!"

Most of the people who worked in the office building had left by five on that tragic day. But the two-hundred-and-sixty who were left behind died a terrible death, as steel and brick crashed down into the street. Twelve other buildings were smashed, and the total death list, including those caught by the debris in cars, amounted to more than four-hundred.

"That building was perfectly safe," said George Krebs, head of the building inspection service of the city. "I had my men check over every inch of it. The papers call it sabotage. How was it done?"

The D.A., John Prager, wasn't exactly the happiest man in town. He had his duty to perform.

"I spoke to Mr. Mellinger, and he told me about the threats made by Jan Sagoro. The police have an order to pick him up. But how can we show he did it? Mr. Max Katz of M.K. Recordings told me a similar story. It could be just a coincidence."

"But if the studio building owned by Mr.

Katz collapsed in a similar manner then you would have to admit this so-called crazy violinist was behind it," challenged George Krebs.

The D.A. shrugged his shoulders. It wasn't a delightful situation in which to be found.

"I have to be shown how a building can be destroyed, and then that this man did it. That's all I can say now."

The famous comedy team of Anderson and Thompson were doing a TV program on the tenth floor of the building owned by Mr. Katz. A woman in the audience turned to her husband.

"I feel dizzy, Frank. Please take me out of here. Seems as though the building is swaying a bit."

The husband never had a chance to answer, as the entire structure collapsed. Hundreds were killed, and the few taken out alive died soon after.

The D.A. sat in the laboratory of the Crime Research Institute and looked at a demonstration that was to be given for his benefit and also for the members of the press who were present.

"When I cause this tuning fork to vibrate, you will see the glass tumbler on the other end of this long table split into hundreds of bits," said Professor Michael Spon.

The professor hit the tuning fork with a small stick, and a few seconds later the glass tumbler was shattered. Then he moved a skeleton building made of steel girders on the table. He lifted a violin.

"I shall play a note, and you will observe this small building as it collapses."

The professor lifted the violin and took the bow in his hand. He played the same note over and over. The building began to sway and finaly toppled over on the table.

"What's the secret to all this?" asked the D.A.

"A simple scientific fact," explained the Professor. "Every thing has a basic vibration point. If I can find that point, then I can make it vibrate. Actually I found the vibration points first of the glass tumbler and also of the small building. Somehow this Jan Sagoro has found a method of determining the vibration point of any building. Then he plays a note on his violin with the same vibration. He keeps it up until the building collapses. He must either be somewhere in the vicinity or use some kind of a broadcast unit to send the vibrations in the direction of the object he desires to destroy. Clear, gentlemen?"

The members of the press asked a variety of questions, and then a tired D.A. came right to the point.

"Unless we catch this mad man, there is nothing to stop him from wrecking the entire city. The Army has promised to cooperate with us and send us one of their highly secret radar vibration units. However, unless we know what he is going to destroy next, we can't use the unit."

David Sanger, feature reporter on the HERALD-TIMES, had an idea that sounded good.

"Why not good him into telling us what he intends to wreck next? We can all run articles in which we say we think these collapses were just accidents. If this man can cause a building to smash, let him tell us the name. We will get a lot of crack-pots who want publicity. However, we can make sure it is Jan Sagoro by a simple technique. He will have to tell the contents of his last talks with Mr. Mellinger and with Mr. Katz."

The idea sounded good, and in a small joint at the waterfront, Jan Sagoro read the morning newspaper.

"So, they doubt I was the genius," he half shouted in the room, as he got up from his seat. "I'll wreck the New River Bridge. I know its vibration point. I'll call them from a pay phone because they can't trace a dialed call."

Captain Roy Kulman looked at the dial of his radar unit. The needle was moving slowly.

"The vibrations are coming from the bridge itself," he told the D.A. "That means your crazy musician managed to hide himself there. Contact your patrol cars at once. Close in on the man. I'm going to use our deflector-rejector unit and see how it works. Actually it throws back the vibrations to the source that sends them out."

Patrol cars 36 and 45 hurried to the center of the bridge. There on the catwalk they saw a man playing a violin. There was a slight sway to the bridge. All motor traffic, pedestrian and automobiles had been diverted from both ends of the bridge.

"We got orders to get him alive if possible," said Sergeant Mike O'Donlevy. "We'll rush him together."

As long as he was destined to live, the police officer was going to tell the impossible thing that happened.

"All of a sudden this crazy guy dropped his violin. It was a funny song he was playing. He toppled over. Know what happened to him? He just fell apart. Yes sir, into hundreds of little pieces. Maybe there is a certain justice in this world. He died like the way he made buildings fall."

Captain Roy Kulman had a comment to make to his superiors in Washington:

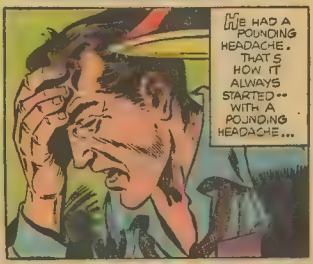
"Deflector-rejector unit worked perfectly."

David Sanger, the reporter, merely wrote:

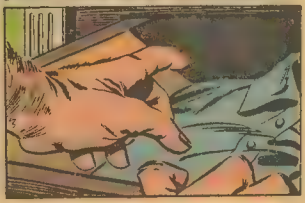
"It was 'Destructive Death' — but not as he planned it."

The End

YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!



HE TRIED TO FIGHT IT, BUT IT WAS NO USE. THE FEELING KEPT RISING INSIDE OF HIM LIKE HISSING STEAM INSIDE A BOILER.
HE FOUND HIMSELF CLIMBING THE STAIRS...


HE WAS UP IN THE BEDROOM NOW, OPENING THE DRAWER. FROM THE OTHER BEDROOM, HE COULD HEAR THE KIDS BREATHING HEAVILY IN THEIR SLEEP. FROM DOWNSTAIRS CAME THE STEADY CLICKING OF HIS WIFE'S CROCHETING NEEDLES. THE POUNDING IN HIS HEAD WAS EVEN WORSE. HE WAS WINCING AS HIS HAND GROPED INSIDE THE DRAWER FOR THE SECRET COMPARTMENT...

HE WAS CLOMPING DOWN AGAIN, DRESSED FOR THE STREET, WHEN HIS WIFE'S VOICE CALLED TO HIM ...

AL, DEAR, YOU'RE NOT GOING OUTSIDE, ARE YOU ?

YEAH, HONEY -- JUST FOR A WALK. WHY NOT ?

YOU KNOW I DON'T WANT TO TIE YOU DOWN, AL! BUT I'VE BEEN READING THOSE STORIES IN THE PAPER ABOUT *THE KNIFE!* YOU KNOW, THAT CRAZY KILLER... THE ONE WHO STABS TOTAL STRANGERS IN THE DARK! PLEASE, AL ...STAY INSIDE. I'D GO MAD IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU!

FOR A MOMENT, HE ALMOST WEAKENED, ALMOST WRIGGLED OUT OF HIS COAT AND DROPPED INTO A CHAIR -- BUT THEN THE POUNDING IN HIS HEAD STARTED AGAIN! *THUMP-THUMP-THUMP...*

RELAX, HONEY. I JUST WANT A BREATH OF AIR. I'LL BE CAREFUL ...I PROMISE!

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, HE SMILED GRIMLY...

I'LL BE CAREFUL ALL RIGHT... NOT TO GET *CAUGHT!*

HE CAUGHT A CROSS-TOWN BUS AND STOOD SWAYING IN THE AISLE --AL BARTLETT, MR. AVERAGE AMERICAN, WITH A WIFE AT HOME, TWO KIDS, A HOUSE WITH A MORTGAGE, A SECOND-HAND CAR---AND IN HIS COAT POCKET...

.....A KNIFE!!

LEAVING THE BUS, HE STATIONED HIMSELF IN THE SHADOWY ENTRANCE OF A DARK ALLEY. THE POUNDING INSIDE HIS HEAD WAS WORSE THAN EVER. HIS MOUTH FELT DRY AND SOUR. THE HILT OF THE KNIFE WAS DAMP WITH SWEAT AS HE GRIPPED IT TIGHTLY INSIDE HIS POCKET...

SOME ONE WAS COMING!

THE KNIFE FLASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT!
HEY!
AAAARGHH!
THE HEADACHE WAS GONE NOW. THE POUNDING HAD STOPPED. HE WALKED AWAY BRISKLY--AL BARTLETT, MR. AVERAGE AMERICAN ON HIS WAY HOME TO THE WIFE AND KIDS... AFTER A BREATH OF AIR...
IN THE MORNING...
HI, KIDS! ANYTHING NEW IN THE PAPERS, HONEY?
IT'S AWFUL...SIMPLY AWFUL! THE KNIFE STRUCK AGAIN! HE KILLED TWO MEN LAST NIGHT!
WHAT! LET ME SEE THAT PAPER!
SWEAT PIMPLED HIS FOREHEAD AS HE READ THE ARTICLE IN THE PAPER. HIS HANDS TREMBLED. TWO VICTIMS, THE ARTICLE SAID--AND HE REMEMBERED KILLING ONLY ONE!
AL, WHAT'S WRONG?
LEAVE ME ALONE...I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD! LEAVE ME ALONE, I SAID!
IT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE--A KNIFE KILLING THAT HE COULDN'T REMEMBER! IT WAS BAD ENOUGH TO BE UNDER SOME CRAZY COMPULSION TO KILL STRANGERS...BUT KILLING WHILE BLACKING OUT... THAT REALLY SCARED HIM!
AL, SHOULD I CALL THE OFFICE? ARE YOU SICK?
DAILY
3

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

HE WAS SICK, ALL RIGHT. SICK WITH THE HORRIBLE FEAR THAT DURING ONE OF THOSE **BLACK-OUTS**, HE MIGHT TURN THE **KNIFE** AGAINST **HIS OWN WIFE AND KIDS!**

YEAH...YOU BETTER CALL THE OFFICE. I-I'M SICK--REAL SICK.

HE STAYED IN BED ALL DAY---AND ALL DAY HIS EYES KEPT WANDERING TO THE BUREAU WHERE THE KNIFE LAY IN ITS SECRET COMPARTMENT...

ONLY **ONE!** I CAN ONLY REMEMBER KILLING **ONE** LAST NIGHT!

THAT NIGHT WAS HIDEOUS WITH A DREAM THAT SAW HIM STANDING OVER HIS FAMILY'S CORPSES WITH THE DRIPPING KNIFE IN HIS HAND...

NO... NO!!

IF THE STRAIN HAD KEPT UP, HE WOULD HAVE CRACKED... WOULD HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE AND GIVEN HIMSELF UP, RATHER THAN ENDANGER THE WIFE AND THE KIDS--- BUT THE NEXT MORNING HE SAW THIS WRITE-UP IN THE PAPER...

DR. HENRY LIVINGSTON, PSYCHIATRIST, SPECIALIZES IN QUIRKS OF THE CRIMINAL MIND. HMMM....

DAILY TIMES

MAYBE THE DOC COULD HELP HIM! IT WAS A CHANCE! WHY NOT..? JUST IN CASE THE DOC WAS A WRONGO, AL TOOK HIS KNIFE ALONG...

YES?

DOC, PLEASE, I KNOW YOU'RE A BUSY MAN---BUT I'M IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE...

THE DOC WAS A REAL NICE GUY, HE LET AL IN AND GOT HIM RIGHT DOWN ON THE COUCH...

YOU NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT REVEALING THE PRECISE NATURE OF WHAT IS TROUBLING YOU. IN PLAIN WORDS, YOU ARE MY PATIENT--- AND NOTHING YOU TELL ME WILL REACH THE EARS OF THE POLICE. NOW TALK FREELY--TELL ME EVERYTHING. BEGIN BACK WITH YOUR EARLIEST MEMORY...

SO AL TALKED. HE TALKED T... HIS THROAT WAS DRY...
AND THEN...
YOURS IS A NAMELESS CASE OF COMPULSION TO KILL, DERIVED FROM A SERIES OF TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCES IN YOUR CHILDHOOD...
"YOUR STEP FATHER KEPT MALTREATING YOUR MOTHER. YOU WERE A PUNY BOY... AND FORCED TO WATCH HELPLESSLY AS YOUR MOTHER WAS BEATEN IN FRONT OF YOU! ALL THAT TIME WHILE WATCHING THE BEATINGS, THE DESIRE TO KILL YOUR STEP-FATHER KEPT MOUNTING HIGHER AND HIGHER INSIDE YOU..."
"BUT YOUR STEP FATHER DIED
"SO NOW THE HEADACHES COME PERIODICALLY... THE HEADACHES THAT FORCE YOU TO GO OUT INTO THE NIGHT WITH THE KNIFE... AND EACH TIME YOU KILL YOU ARE SYMBOLICALLY KILLING YOUR STEP-FATHER!"
PAIN
DOC, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! THE WHOLE THING IS CLEAR TO ME NOW! BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT SO FAST? I THOUGHT THIS KIND OF TREATMENT LASTED MONTHS AND MONTHS! BELIEVE IT OR NOT--I FEEL BETTER ALREADY WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOC--YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD
I HAVE A HEADACHE. EXCUSE ME, PLEASE. FOR A MOMENT. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

HE WENT TO THE NEXT ROOM. HOW DO I KNOW HE'S NOT PHONING THE COPS RIGHT NOW...? CAN I TRUST HIM...? HE KNOWS TOO MUCH! WHAT IF ONE OF MY VICTIMS WAS A RELATIVE OF HIS...?
THIS'LL BE MY LAST KNIFING! TOO BAD -- BUT IT HAS TO BE! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!
AAAARGH!
THE QUICK MOVING SHADOW ON THE WALL WARNED AL... BUT NOT SOON ENOUGH!
HEY!
AL WAS DYING NOW ...
DOC -- W-WHY DID YOU... (GASP) ...DO IT?!
FOOL! MY STEP-FATHER WAS CRUEL TO MY MOTHER, TOO! HOW ELSE COULD I HAVE KNOWN SO SOON WHAT WAS AT THE ROOT OF YOUR TROUBLE?
TH-THEN THE KNIFINGS I COULDN'T ..... (GASP) ...REMEMBER ...YOU DID THEM!
EXACTLY! AND SOONER OR LATER YOU'D HAVE BEGUN WONDERING AT THE SPEED OF MY ANALYSIS... AND YOU'D HAVE GUESSED! THAT'S WHY I HAD TO KILL YOU -- YOU KNEW TOO MUCH! AND NOW SINCE YOUR FAMILY MIGHT KNOW THAT YOU CAME HERE TODAY...
...I'LL HAVE TO USE MY KNIFE ON THEM TOO!!

FOR THE CHOPPER AND TONY, THE OLD BANK'S VAULTS HAD BEEN EGG-SHELL EASY, AND AHEAD, THE PERFECT HIDEOUT LAY WAITING FOR THEM. IT WAS---

A NICE QUIET PLACE!

BUT FATE PLANNED FIRE-WORKS NOW!

TAKE THAT ARM AWAY, TONY--YOU CRAZY? WHAT IF THE CHOPPER SEES?

THAT OLD HAS-BEEN'S SLEEPIN' LIKE A PIG BACK THERE--

ONCE THE HEAT'S OFF, WE'LL GIVE HIM THE BRUSH, KATE...GO AWAY TOGETHER. MEXICO, RIO, ALL THE BRIGHT SPOTS...

MAYBE...MAYBE NOT, TONY. NOBODY EVER GAVE OLD CHOPPER THE BRUSH-OFF YET, UP HERE IN THE STICKS, ACCIDENTS GOT A WAY OF HAPPENING...

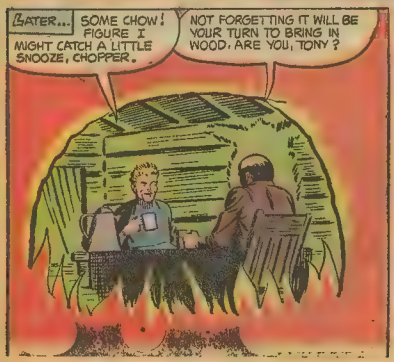
SOON...
SO THAT'S THE PLACE ...GUESS YOU'LL BE MISSIN' KATIE WHEN WE'RE HOLED UP THERE, CHOPPER!
YEAH! NO SENSE IN HER COM'N WITH US THOUGH-- SHE HAD NO PART OF THAT BANK HEIST.
UNLOADED YOUR THINGS FOR YOU, CHOPPER. GUN, SWAG. EVERY-THING...
LITTLE PEACH AREN'T YOU? REALLY TAKE CARE OF YOUR NUMBER ONE BOY...
SO LONG, BACK FOR YOU WHEN THINGS LOOK RIGHT. TAKE CARE, BABY--
TAKE CARE OF TONY--THAT'S IT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, ALL RIGHT. SPECIAL CASE LIKE THIS CALLS FOR SPECIAL TREAT-MENT, THOUGH...
THE PERFECT HIDEOUT! I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, CHOPPER--YOU REALLY PICK 'EM. THIS WON'T BE HARD TO TAKE.
UN-UNH. IT'S A NICE, QUIET PLACE... JUST YOU AND ME, TONY. NO SNOOPERS TO WORRY ABOUT...
GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP A FIRE GOIN'. YOU WANT ME TO GET SOME FIRE-WOOD, CHOPPER?
I'LL DO IT THIS TIME, TONY... WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!
AND GET OUT BEFORE I TAKE YOU APART WITH MY BARE HANDS!

DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT! SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM IN THE GUTTER WHERE I FOUND HIM THREE YEARS AGO! HE'S GOTTA GO --- THERE'S NO OTHER WAY!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF—! TRACKS OF A COUGAR--- MOUNTAIN LION! BIG ONE, TOO!

HUNDRED AND SIXTY IF THE DEVIL WEIGHS AN OUNCE! MUST COME POKIN' AROUND HERE LOOKIN' FOR FOOD --THAT'S IT, SURE!

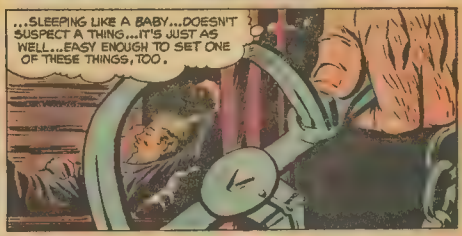
YOU'RE GONNA GET YOUR FEED, KITTY... A REGULAR BANQUET... A FEAST ON RAT!


LATER... SOME CHOW! FIGURE I MIGHT CATCH A LITTLE SNOOZE, CHOPPER.
NOT FORGETTING IT WILL BE YOUR TURN TO BRING IN WOOD, ARE YOU, TONY?

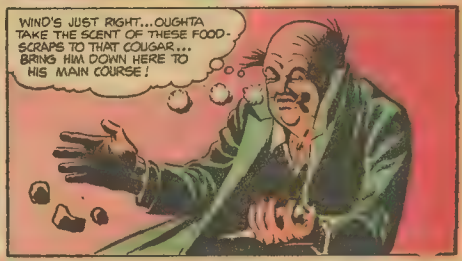
NUH-UNH, I AIN'T FORGETTIN', CHOPPER. IF I DON'T WAKE WHEN THE FIRE BURNS DOWN--
THEN I'LL WAKE YOU, TONY --- DON'T WORRY.

NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT NOW. WOOD'LL SOON BE GONE...AND THAT MOUNTAIN-CAT SHOULD BE OUT--LISTEN!

HE'S CLOSE BY! HAVE TO MOVE FAST! THIS IS THE PAY-OFF, TONY!
R-R-R-R-R-
O-O-O-O

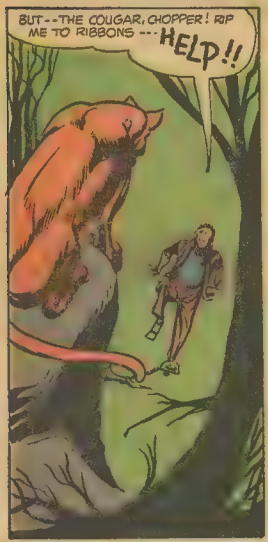

...SLEEPING LIKE A BABY...DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING...IT'S JUST AS WELL...EASY ENOUGH TO SET ONE OF THESE THINGS, TOO.

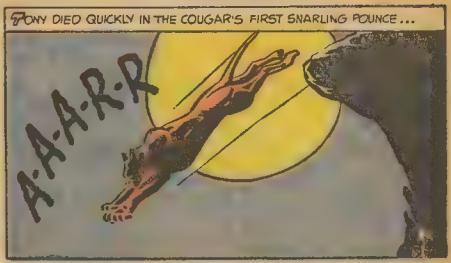
THERE--IT'S DONE, AND ANCHORED TO THAT ROOT! OUGHT TO HOLD A GRIZZLY FAST BY THE LOOKS OF IT!


WIND'S JUST RIGHT...OUGHTA TAKE THE SCENT OF THESE FOOD-SCRAPS TO THAT COUGAR... BRING HIM DOWN HERE TO HIS MAIN COURSE!

WAKE UP, TONY...GUESS I DOZED OFF MYSELF. BETTER GET SOME WOOD IN HERE BEFORE THAT FIRE GOES OUT!
HUH--OH, YEAH, SURE, CHOPPER---ON MY WAY!

GUESS YOU WERE SMART TAKING THE DAYTIME TRIP, CHOPPER. KIND OF WEIRD AND SPOOKY AROUND HERE NOW AND--WHAT'S THAT?
THERE'S SOMETHING UP THERE, CHOPPER, CAN YOU HEAR ME? IT--IT'S A MOUNTAIN LION!
AND THEN---
OW-WW!
WHAM
I-I STUMBLED INTO A TRAP, CHOPPER! HELP ME, CHOPPER ---HELP!
SURE I'M GONNA HELP YOU! I'M GONNA BLAST YOU IN TWO IF YOU SLIP OUT OF THAT TRAP, LOVER BOY!
WHAT? NAW, CHOPPER--- YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG! THERE WAS NOTHING LIKE THAT BETWEEN KATE AND ME! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, CHOPPER!
UN-UNH. THIS, I'M GONNA ENJOY, TONY. NICE OF KATE NOT TO LET ME FORGET MY GUN. I MIGHT NEED IT!


BUT--THE COUGAR, CHOPPER! RIP ME TO RIBBONS---
HELP!!


TONY DIED QUICKLY IN THE COUGAR'S FIRST SNARLING POUNCE...
A-A-A-R-R

NOT SATISFIED, EH? COMING FOR ME! COME AHEAD THEN, COUGAR--READY FOR YOU!

BUT...
GUN WON'T FIRE--EMPTY! KATE!
CLICK!

...SHE FIGURED TONY AND I MIGHT HAVE A SET-TO! EMPTIED THE GUN TO HELP
---NO!

THAT WAS THE LAST WORD EVER SPOKEN BY CHOPPER, BRAINS AND BRAWN OF ASSORTED BANKING ENTERPRISES...
HE WAS A WRONG GUY--AND OFTEN WRONG, BUT NOW, WHEN A SATED COUGAR CREPT BACK TO ITS LAIR, HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THAT HIDEOUT. IT WAS REALLY A NICE QUIET PLACE!
The End

DEAR READERS...THANKS TO ALL OF YOU WHO DELUGED US WITH ANSWERS TO OUR 4-PAGE QUIZ, *HIGH-TENSION*, WHICH APPEARED IN A RECENT 'LAW-BREAKERS SUSPENSE'. BEST OF THE SOLUTIONS, WE THOUGHT, WAS SUBMITTED BY PATRICIA HAMER, OF CYPRESS GARDENS, FLORIDA. THE $10 PRIZE IS ALREADY ON IT'S WAY TO YOU, PAT! AND HERE IS *PATRICIA HAMER'S SOLUTION TO....*

HIGH-TENSION

C'MON, YOU PHILANDERER...THE END OF ALL YOUR REHEARSING HAS JUST ABOUT ARRIVED!

N-NO... NO!

DISCOVERING THAT HIS WIFE AND NICK RUSSELL, HIS AERIAL PARTNER, ARE INVOLVED IN A SECRET LOVE AFFAIR, ALFREDO TARBELLO PLOTS TO KILL THE MAN WHO IS WOOING TINA AWAY FROM HIM. AND SO, UP ON THE PERILOUS HIGH-WIRE, AS THE TWO PERFORMERS GRIMLY REHEARSE THEIR DANGEROUS ACT, THERE IS *HIGH-TENSION!*

A NICE QUIET REHEARSAL YOU WANTED...WITH NO WITNESSES PRESENT! LET'S WORK EXACTLY AS WE WILL THE NIGHT OF OUR PREMIERE, YOU SAID...

P-PLEASE, ALFREDO! T-THIS IS CRAZ... ARGHHH!

AEEEEEE!

HE'S *GONE*... OUT OF MY LIFE! AND OUT OF TINA'S, TOO!

THAT GRUESOME CRASH COULD MEAN BUT ONE THING...NICK IS SMEARED ALL OVER THE PLACE! NOW TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT BY FALLING MYSELF! I'LL TAKE A NASTY BOUNCING AROUND ON THE SAFETY NET WHEN I HIT...BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO GO SCOT-FREE!

ALFREDO TARBELLO STEPPED OUT IN THE DARKNESS OF THE DESERTED BIG TOP, GLOATING OVER HIS FOOLPROOF PLAN. BUT AS HE PLUMMETED DOWN, DOUBT BEGAN TO GNAW AT HIS BRAIN...

W-WHAT DID NICK MEAN WHEN HE SAID THIS WOULD BE *EXACTLY* LIKE A REGULAR PERFORMANCE? C-COULD IT BE...THAT...?

G-GOOD LORD! HE COULD HAVE MEANT THAT WE WERE REHEARSING WITHOUT THE *SAFETY NET!* IF...IF IT'S NOT DOWN THERE I-I'LL PLUNGE TO...TO MY *DEATH!*

AT PRECISELY THAT MOMENT, A FIGURE MOVED OUT OF THE DARKNESS DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE BIG TOP...

NICK'S IDEA OF HAVING ME CUT THE SAFETY NET IS RISKY.. BUT IT WILL FREE US FOREVER OF ALFREDO'S MEDDLING! I SAW HIS BODY CRASHING DOWN...NICK MUST'VE SUCCEEDED IN MAKING MY CURSED HUSBAND FALL! I'D BETTER MAKE SURE...

BRRR! HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT...AND BARELY RECOGNIZABLE: NICK AND I WILL SAY IT WAS AN ACCID...*NO!* T-THIS ISN'T ALFREDO...IT'S MY LOVER!

H-HOW CAN FATE...! SOB!... BE SO CRUEL! THIS MUST BE MY PUNISHMENT...! SOB! ... FOR HELPING TO PLOT ALFREDO'S DEATH!

THERE WAS A TERRIFIC CRASH, THEN GROTESQUE SILENCE. A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE BIG TOP LIGHTS HAD BEEN TURNED ON...

HARD TO BELIEVE THAT ALL THREE OF THEM COULD'VE PILED UP LIKE THIS! THREE OF THE GREATEST AERIALISTS IN THE BUSINESS... *DEAD!* HOW COULD IT H-HAPPEN?

THE DIZZY HEIGHTS... THE GRUELING ROUTINES...THE HIGH-TENSION THEY WORKED UNDER! THAT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE *EXPLANATION!*

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VIS-ESCAPE	QUESTION MARK
MAGIC PINS	GRAPPLES
RING AND COIL	TWISTER TRICK
GRAVITY DEFYER	MASTER CARD LOCATION
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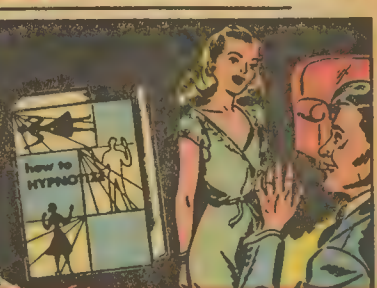
HOW TO HYPNOTIZE



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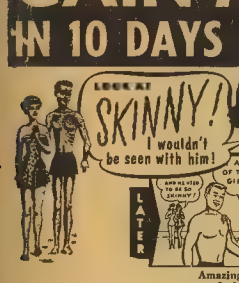

SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

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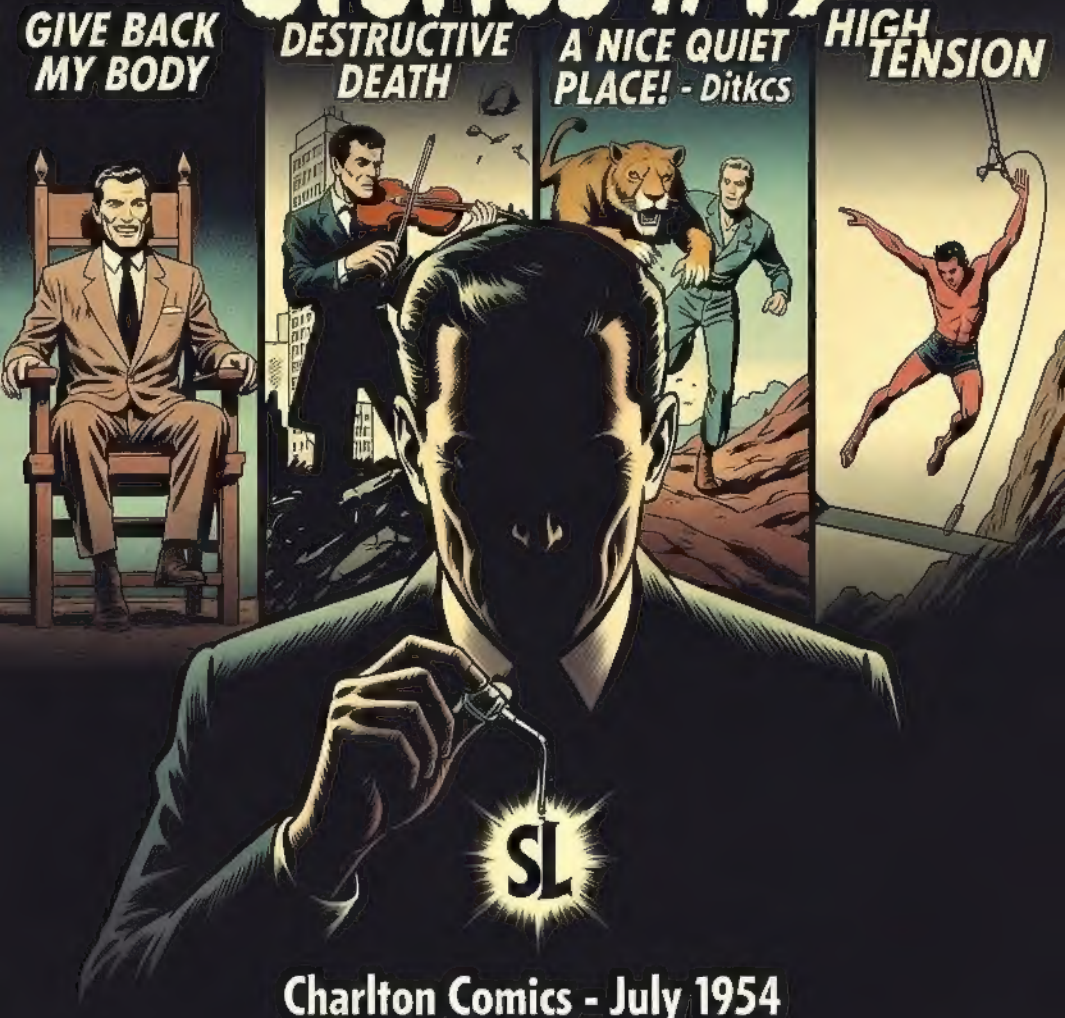

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